Sport.

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A DUCAL SPORTSMAN.

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Hugh Lupus Grosvenor, first Duke and third Marquis of Westminster, was born in 1825, and succeeded his father in the title and estates in 1869. Although the late Marquis took but little interest in Turf affairs, his father, who was grandfather of the present Duke, was passionately fond of racing; and besides the celebrated Touchstone, was also the owner of Launcelot, Satirist, Ghuznee, and other famous horses. At his death, however, his son, the late Marquis, parted with most of the race-horses which he had inherited, but still retained Touchstone as a sire with a few brood mares at Eaton Hall, and was fortunate enough in 1860 to breed Macaroni and Carnival, both by Sweetmeat, which, with another, he sold as yearlings to Mr. R. C. Naylor for £1000.

The Duke of Westminster, who, as Earl Grosvenor, sat for the city of Chester in Parliament from 1847 until the death of his father in 1869, was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, and soon after his accession to the title, began to turn his attention in earnest to the Turf, of which he has continued ever since to be a warm supporter. Although his name figured in the *Racing Calendar* as the nominator of a few horses previous to his elevation to the dukedom in 1874, it was not until afterwards that he actually ran horses in his own name; the first to carry the time-honoured yellow and black colours being Dalham, who won the Epsom Cup in 1876.

The Duke of Westminster had previously arranged to have his horses trained by Robert Peck, at Russley, having some time before purchased Doncaster as a sire from that enterprising and clever trainer at the high figure of £12,000. He was not so successful, however, with another high-priced purchase, Maximilian, for which he gave, through his trainer, the large sum of 4000 guineas at the Cobham Sale in 1876—a price hitherto unprecedented for a yearling. Although one of the best-looking youngsters ever led into a sale ring, he eventually turned out to be a rank impostor.

The ducal stable at Russley is now one of the most extensive in training, and has achieved a great amount of success; the victories of Bend Or, Douranee, and Evasion, besides others last season, bringing in a nice sum to the credit of his Grace at Old Burlington Street. Bend Or, who was bred by the Duke at Eaton Hall, is by his favourite sire, Doncaster, out of Rouge Rose, and can present an unbeaten certificate. He is now deservedly first favourite for the next Derby, and it will be a matter of great surprise to us if he does not carry the yellow and black colours to the front, a position which we have here given to his noble owner.

In addition to racing, the Duke of Westminster is also a keen follower of the chase, and is constantly to be seen well-up with the hounds in some of the severest runs. Possessed of enormous wealth, the Duke has spent an immense amount in the improvement of his property, particularly in the West End of London, and in consequence it is daily improving in value. In politics he is a decided Liberal, but seldom takes an active part in the debates in the House of Lords.

His principal seat is Eaton Hall, near Chester, but he is also the owner of Halkin Hall, Flintshire, and Cliveden, near Maidenhead. In 1852 the Duke married Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland, through whom he has acquired the Cliveden estate, and has six children—three sons and three daughters—the eldest son, Victor Alexander, Earl Grosvenor, having married in 1874 the Lady Sibeil M. Lumley, daughter of the Earl of Scarborough. The Duke of Westminster is a baronet and Lieut.-Col.-Commandant of the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers and Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He is also a member of the Jockey Club.

NOTICE.

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LETTER-WRITERS.

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ECHO.—Sheer nonsense.——R. C. (Dublin).—Write to the paper yourself.——BEAUDESERT.—Very successful. You score one.——J. N. (Epsom).—Much obliged for offer, but we have decided not to enlarge SPORT to the size of the *Times* at present.——VICTOR.—Order from your newsagent. Smith and Sons will procure it for you.——LIVERPUDLIAN.—Your suggestion is good, and we shall see whether it can be carried out.——M. O. E.—Cannot reply by letter, but you can send us full particulars.——MONK.—Not suitable for our columns; if anything, we are religious.——S. N. (Wolverhampton).—Radicals are our particular abhorrence. Your lines have found their way to the waste-paper basket.

Sport.

TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1880.

WOOING FORTUNE.

—o—

GOOD fortune continues to smile on SPORT. Our selections will bear a favourable comparison with those of any other journal. The Special Commissioner, who began well with Empress, selected Frivola alone to win the Earl Spencer's Plate, and Eagleswing was to the fore with Dresden China. Not bad form this. The meeting at Northampton was of a very interesting character. Peter showed us that he retains his fine turn of speed. Alpha, bred by Mr. Petrie, the well-known whiskey distiller of Edinburgh, won the Bucclench Cup at the useful odds of 10 to 1. Blanton was too sure of landing the Althorp Park Stakes, and the much-vaunted Scobell could only get second to Althotas. The victory of the latter was exceedingly popular, as Sir George Chetwynd is not over successful on the Turf. There was a close struggle between Thurio and Rochampton for Her Majesty's Plate. Russley is having a run of bad luck. They do nothing but make mistakes. Dourance was backed heavily for the Earl Spencer's Plate, but was never really formidable, Frivola only winning by a head from the rank outsider, Death or Glory. Although she only won by a neck, the Northamptonshire Stakes looked on paper a real good thing for Dresden China. The running during the past week does not much affect future events. Fashion came into notice for the City and Suburban, owing to the forward position obtained by a stable companion, but that seemed to be all. There was one important scratching, that of Victor Chief.

Since last writing, the betting has not been of a startling nature. No new movements of any note. The pride of place is still held by Mr. Gretton's horse, and any advance on his present price is eagerly snapped up. He is held specially in reserve for the City and Suburban. The training reports speak well of the work the horse is doing and his general appearance. If no accident happens to him, he will retain his prominent position to the end of the piece. Notwithstanding the strong current in favour of Westbourne, no liberties are taken with Master Kildare, who is doing as well as any horse in England. It is a big thing to ask the horse to do, but he is an exceptional animal, and there are precedents for his victory. Parole has not been quite so firm, but without much opposition, and this may be accounted for by his engagements this week. The horse backed for most money during the week was Lucetta, who is not likely to run for the Newmarket Handicap. This daughter of Tibthorpe and Verona is leniently handicapped, and should finish in the front rank. She was out three times last season, winning twice. On the first occasion she was not successful, but from the price forthcoming against her Prince Soltykoff evidently did not fancy her for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. For the Great Eastern Handicap she started with the call in the betting, and won in a canter by three lengths. That she can stay the City and Suburban distance is, I think, proved by her victory in the Autumn Handicap at Newmarket, decided over the severe Bretby Stakes course. Westbourne, Master Kildare, and Parole may all have to succumb to the lightly-weighted Lucetta. Owing to the advance of Sombrero the Duchess colt is not quite so firm. A stable companion of Placida, Clarencieux, receives support at a price; but A. Taylor's best or Toastmaster should manage to defeat all the three year olds. What card Russley means to play is a mystery, and as the stable is so entirely out of form, it is much better to let Visconti, La Merveille, and Kineton run loose. Blue Blood has had a second coming, and may be more dangerous than some people expect. There have been occasional inquiries after Leoville, and a few sovereigns have been placed on My Delight. The betting on the Two Thousand was only noticeable on account of the money entrusted to Mask and the coming of Muncaster. The quotations on the Derby are as near as possible unchanged. Bend Or and Robert the Devil are all the rage. Some insight may be thrown on the great three year old races by the running at Newmarket this week.

The Craven Meeting begins to-day and ends on Friday. Backers of the Derby favourites are looking forward to some of the decisions with considerable anxiety. The Trial Stakes has but a poor entry, and may result in the victory of Alchemist or Quicksilver.

The Double Trial Plate is a most uncertain race to meddle with, but recent running points to the moderate Cotonnade as being the best of a bad lot.

The Newmarket Biennial is the most important race of the meeting, and may cause a revolution in the Derby and Two Thousand betting. Mask will not oppose his stable companion, Robert the Devil, and Beaudesert will not journey to Newmarket, consequently Robert the Devil will have nothing of any consequence to beat.

Althotas is a doubtful starter for the Post Sweepstakes, but his stable companion, La Belle Hélène filly, may not be a bad substitute.

The Weeds Plate I shall assign to Dougal or Quarteronne.

Hudibras and Bishop Burton should hold their own in the Visitors' Plate.

The Bushes Handicap may fall to Mr. Dodd or Lector.

Abbaye will win the Match.

The Newmarket Handicap on the second day is a difficult race to meddle with. There has been no betting to guide one, and many of the horses entered here have more important engagements at Epsom. If Parole, who won last year, enters an appearance, he will as nearly as possible win. Lucetta will, I am told, be reserved for Epsom. In the absence of Parole I fancy Fashion, Stitchery, and Simba, and I give the preference to the first-named.

Mask is not likely to be defeated by Muncaster in the Column Produce Stakes.

The Twenty-second Sale Stakes I shall award to Vanderhun or Schoolboy.

The Plate of 100 sovs has Dreamland and Emma Melbourne entered, and one of them ought to win.

La Belle Hélène filly and Border Queen are engaged in the Maiden Plate, and the former should be successful.

The Bretby Plate has secured a good entry, prominent amongst whom are Flotsam and Lector.

The Refuse Two Year Old Plate on Thursday should fall to Actoris or Dougal.

Thurio will not have much difficulty in winning the Rosebery Plate.

Bend Or is engaged in the Craven Stakes, but he will not leave Russley. In his absence Brotherhood will be the best to trust, notwithstanding his heavy penalty.

Alchemist or Exeter will take the Twenty-first Newmarket Biennial.

The Newmarket International Handicap on Friday has Parole, Rosy Cross, Lord Clive, Briglia, Clementine, Lucetta, and Fashion in the entry, and, with so much doubt surrounding the running of the others, I cannot do better than select Briglia and Fashion to represent me.

Rayon d'Or cannot miss the Port Stakes, and

Fernandez or Rognard should be successful in the Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each over the Rowley Mile.

SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET MEETING.

To-Day.

Trial Stakes	Alchemist.
Double Trial Plate	Cotonnade.
Newmarket Biennial	Robert the Devil.
Post Sweepstakes	La Belle Helene filly.
Weeds Plate	Dougal.
Visitors' Plate	Bishop Burton.
Bushes Handicap	Mr. Dodd.
Abbaye *v.* Mar	Abbaye.

WEDNESDAY.

Newmarket Handicap	Fashion.
Column Produce Stakes	Mask.
Sale Stakes	Schoolboy.
Plate, 100 sovs.	Dreamland.
Maiden Plate	La Belle Helene filly.
Bretby Plate	Flotsam.

THURSDAY.

Refuse Two Year Old Plate	Dougal.
Rosebery Plate	Thurio.
Craven Stakes	Brotherhood.
Twenty-First Newmarket Biennial	Exeter.

FRIDAY.

Newmarket International Handicap	Fashion.
Port Stakes	Rayon d'Or.
Sweepstakes, 15 sovs each	Fernandez.

EAGLESWING.

THE CRAVEN MEETING.

—o—

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,

LATE OF THE "SPORTING LIFE."

—o—

THE racing at Northampton last week was of a most successful character, and augurs well for the continuance of first-rate sport during the ensuing season. There were good fields for most of the events, and several very exciting finishes, the arrangements of Messrs. Frail, the painstaking Clerks of the Course, leaving nothing to be desired. Amongst those present were the Earls of Stamford and Rosebery, the latter having come expressly from the scene of the recent Liberal success in Midlothian to see his colt, Mar, run for the Northamptonshire Stakes and get well beaten. The readers of SPORT have every reason to be satisfied with the information afforded them respecting the different races at Northampton, the victories of Frivola, Althotas, Peter, and Placida having been foretold by me; whilst my able *confrère*, Eagleswing, prognosticated the successes of Peter, Thurio, Dresden China (for the Northamptonshire Stakes), and Placida—Scobell, who was selected by him for the Althorp Park Stakes, finishing second; whilst I was so fortunate as to place Scobell second, and Lady Blanche, which was my selection for the Bucclengh Cup, ran second for it to Alpha.

Turning from the past to the future, the chief event of importance during the week was the scratching of Victor Chief for the City and Suburban, which took place at 9 a.m. on Monday, April 5. This leaves La Merveille and Visconti to represent the Russley stable in the Epsom race, but the market position of neither of them has improved since their stable companion was struck out. Westbourne still occupies his position as first favourite very firmly, as little as 6 to 1 having been freely accepted about him, so that there can be no doubt as to the genuine character of the investments on him. Parole and Master Kildare have each been supported for considerable sums, and there is a strong division behind Lucetta who are very confident as to the chance of Prince Soltykoff's filly. The Duchess colt is not in quite as good demand for either the Two Thousand or City and Suburban as last week, which may be owing to some investments in favour of his stable companion, Sombrero; but I have reason to know that there is nothing wrong with the son of Rosicrucian. An outsider who has recently been introduced is Clarencieux, of whom I have received favourable accounts; but I see no reason to depart from my original selections—MASTER KILDARE and the DUCHESS COLT. Mask and Brotherhood, who are both likely to be stripped at Newmarket this week for their engagements remain, without any change in their market positions for the Two Thousand, for which race Fire King and Muncaster have been supported at 100 to 7 and 20 to 1 respectively. For the Derby Bend Or remains as firm as possible, whilst Robert the Devil has improved his position, 7 to 1 being taken about him, and should he win the Newmarket Biennial easily, I have no doubt he will see a still shorter price. Mask and Draycott have been backed at 15 and 20 to 1 respectively, and there have been transactions in connection with such outsiders as Chirper, Muncaster, Marc Antony, Evasion, and Merry-Go-Round, the first-named of which has been backed at 33 to 1, and the others at 40 to 1 each.

The Craven Meeting commences at Newmarket to-morrow (Tuesday), and promises to be most successful in every respect, should the weather continue even as it is at present. The number of horses in training at the head-quarters of the Turf is more numerous than at any previous period, and there is certain to be a strong contingent from the country stables to contend for some of the rich prizes offered. The Heath is reported to be in first-rate order, and the visitors are expected to be exceedingly numerous. Seven events are set down for decision on the opening day, including the Newmarket Biennial, the result of which is certain to be regarded with the greatest interest as likely to throw some light on the approaching Derby. The race some time since looked like a match between Beaudesert and Robert the Devil, but I understand that the Kingsclere-trained colt is not likely to put in an appearance, which will cause the race to be in a great measure devoid of interest. Mr. Beddington will probably start Chirper, who has been supported at outside prices for the Derby; but I understand that Prince Soltykoff means to keep Mask for the Column Stakes on Thursday. The field may be swelled by one of Mr. Crawfurd's (probably Sombrero), Pride of the Highlands, and one of Mr. Houldsworth's unnamed colts; but in the presumed absence of Beaudesert I have no hesitation in awarding the race to

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

The Visitors' Plate should be won by the COLT BY FAVONIUS out of LUCRETIA, and in the Bushes Handicap I prefer the chance of MR. DODD, whilst in the Double Trial Plate COTONNADE should be successful, although subject to a 5lb penalty. The Trial Stakes looks best for ALCHEMIST, who, being entered to be sold for £1000, will have to give weight to all his opponents; but, being a better class, I think he will find no difficulty in doing this. The Post Sweepstakes looks best for the Althorp Stakes winner or his stable companion, the filly by Hermit out of La Belle Helene. In the Weeds Plate DOUGAL should be successful, and in my opinion ABBAYE should defeat Mar in the match over the last mile and three-quarters of the Cesarewitch Course. The Newmarket Handicap on Wednesday is certain to bring out a good field, twenty-six having cried content out of forty-two that originally subscribed. The American horses, FALSETTO and PAROLE, head the handicap with 9st 3lb and 9st respectively, the former not having yet run in public in this country; but I fancy neither of them will be seen at the post. Westbourne and Lucetta are also likely to be absentees, and probably King Duncan also. On looking further down the list I can see nothing with a greater chance than

SIMBA,

who has been assigned the nice weight of 6st 9lb, and is reported to be uncommonly well just now, the greatest danger being likely to arise from FASHION. The Bretby Plate should fall to FLOTSAM, and the Column Produce Stakes I shall assign to MASK. In the Twenty-second Sale Stakes I prefer EMPEROR TITUS, and LA BELLE HELENE filly should secure the Maiden Plate. On Thursday DOUGAL should be able to land the Refuse Two Year Old Plate, and THURIO, who is now in good form, looks best in the Rosebery Plate. The Four Year Old Biennial appears to rest between ALCHEMIST and EXETER, of which I have a strong preference for Blanton's colt; and the Craven Stakes looks a good thing for BROTHERHOOD. Only four events have closed for Friday, the Port Stakes being apparently at the mercy of RAYON D'OR, whilst if FERNANDEZ is sent to the post he should credit Mr. Gretton with the Sweepstakes on the Rowley Mile. The Newmarket International Handicap is to a considerable extent liable to be influenced by the running on the previous days, but at present

BRIGLIA

strikes me as possessing the best chance.

Monday Night.

LATEST NOTES.

NEITHER Bend Or nor Beaudesert is likely to put in an appearance at Newmarket this week, which will be a great disappointment to the admirers of these well-known cracks.

We understand that Mr. R. Peck, the well-known Russley trainer, will not be present at Newmarket this week, so that he cannot fancy his horses very much, even with Mar matched against Abbaye this day.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION

—o—

NEWMARKET.

TWENTY-SECOND BIENNIAL.—*Bell's Life* (Bleys)—Robert the Devil; *Sportsman* (Vigilant)—Robert the Devil; *Era* (Touchstone)—Robert the Devil; *Field*—Mask; *Land and Water* (Prospero)—Miss Marion colt or Elderberry; *Sporting Life* (Augur)—Beaudesert or Robert the Devil; *Sunday Times* (Vaticinator)—Beaudesert; *Sporting Gazette* (Censor)—Robert the Devil.

VISITORS' PLATE.—*Bell's Life*—Reconciliation; *Sportsman*—Salamanca filly or Avant Courier; *Sporting Gazette*—Bishop Burton or Beadman; *Era*—Lanjaron or Monk; *Field*—Monk or St. Hilda; *Land and Water*—Beadman or Monk; *Sporting Life*—St. Hilda or Lucretia colt.

BUSHES HANDICAP.—*Bell's Life*—Mr. Dodd or Carnethy; *Sportsman*—Lector; *Sporting Gazette*—Mr. Dodd or Carnethy; *Era*—Costa or Miss Bertram; *Field*—Abbaye or Alchemist; *Land and Water*—Mr. Dodd; *Sporting Life*—Carnethy or Carnifex.

TRIAL STAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Alchemist; *Sportsman*—Quicksilver or Alchemist; *Sporting Gazette*—Alchemist; *Era*—Amelia; *Field*—Alchemist; *Land and Water*—Quicksilver.

DOUBLE TRIAL PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Cotonnade; *Sporting Gazette*—Cotonnade; *Era*—Cotonnade; *Field*—Cotonnade or Christmas Goose; *Land and Water*—Christmas Goose or Cotonnade; *Sporting Life*—Cotonnade.

POST SWEEPSTAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Althotas; *Sportsman*—Althotas; *Sporting Gazette*—Althotas; *Era*—Althotas; *Land and Water*—Althotas or La Belle Helene filly; *Sporting Life*—Althotas or La Belle Helene filly; *Sunday Times*—Althotas or La Belle Helene filly; *Field*—Pilgrim.

WEEDS PLATE.—*Bell's Life*—Slipper filly; *Sportsman*—Dougal; *Sporting Gazette*—Gilbert's dam colt; *Era*—Dougal; *Field*—Dougal; *Land and Water*—Dougal; *Sporting Life*—Dougal; *Sunday Times*—Dougal.

MATCH.—*Bell's Life*—Abbaye; *Sportsman*—Abbaye; *Sporting Gazette*—Abbaye; *Field*—Abbaye; *Sporting Life*—Mar.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP.—*Bell's Life*—Fashion or Doeskin colt; *Sportsman*—Fashion or Prologue; *Sporting Gazette*—Prologue; *Era*—Prologue; *Field*—Mr. Lorillard's selected or Simba; *Land and Water*—Wallenstein or King Duncan; *Sporting Life*—Simba or Fortitude; *Sunday Times*—Edelweiss or Count Lagrange's best.

BRETBY PLATE.—*Bell's Life*—Reconciliation or Joseph Dawson's best; *Sportsman*—Martivalle; *Sporting Gazette*—Elf King or Reconciliation; *Field*—Joseph Dawson's selected; *Sporting Life*—Tower and Sword; *Sunday Times*—Joseph Dawson's best or Reconciliation.

COLUMN STAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Mask; *Sportsman*—Mask; *Sporting Gazette*—Mask; *Era*—Mask; *Field*—Ambassadress; *Land and Water*—Mask; *Sporting Life*—Mask; *Sunday Times*—Mask.

TWENTY-SECOND SALE STAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Emperor Titus; *Sportsman*—Emperor Titus; *Sporting Gazette*—Schoolboy; *Era*—Emperor Titus or Schoolboy; *Field*—Schoolboy; *Land and Water*—Schoolboy; *Sporting Life*—Vanderhum.

£100 PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Tower and Sword; *Sporting Gazette*—Emma Melbourne; *Era*—Lincolnshire or Emma Melbourne; *Field*—Emma Melbourne; *Land and Water*—Tower and Sword; *Sporting Life*—Emma Melbourne or Dreamland.

MAIDEN PLATE.—*Bell's Life*—La Belle Helene filly; *Sportsman*—La Belle Helene filly or Theckla; *Sporting Gazette*—Border Queen or La Helene filly; *Field*—Border Queen; *Land and Water*—La Belle Helene filly; *Sporting Life*—Border Queen or La Belle Helene filly; *Sunday Times*—Border Queen.

REFUSE TWO YEAR OLD PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Dougal or Miss Clara; *Era*—Dougal; *Land and Water*—Dougal or Quateronne; *Sporting Life*—Miss Clara or Catafalco; *Sunday Times*—Dougal.

ROSEBERY PLATE.—*Bell's Life*—Thurio; *Sportsman*—Thurio; *Sporting Gazette*—Thurio; *Era*—Thurio; *Field*—Thurio; *Land and Water*—Thurio; *Sporting Life*—Thurio; *Sunday Times*—Thurio.

TWENTY-FIRST BIENNIAL.—*Bell's Life*—Exeter; *Sportsman*—Exeter; *Sporting Gazette*—Exeter; *Era*—Exeter; *Field*—Exeter; *Land and Water*—Exeter; *Sporting Life*—Alchemist; *Sunday Times*—Exeter or Alchemist.

CRAVEN STAKES.—*Bell's Life*—Brotherhood or Marc Antony; *Sportsman*—Brotherhood; *Sporting Gazette*—Miss Marion colt or Brotherhood; *Era*—Brotherhood; *Field*—Brotherhood; *Land and Water*—Bend Or; *Sunday Times*—Fernandez or In Bounds.

INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP.—*Bell's Life*—Lord Clive or Fashion; *Sportsman*—Prologue or Fashion; *Sporting Gazette*—Joseph Dawson's best; *Era*—Fashion or Phantom Cottage selected; *Field*—Mr. Lorillard's selected or Lord Clive; *Land and Water*—Lord Clive or Stitchery; *Sunday Times*—Lord Clive or Clementine.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THIS DAY.

(By Telegraph.)

ACCEPTANCES.—BRETBY PLATE.

Ecossais (9st 7lb), Mowerina (9st 1lb), Flotsam (7st 12lb), Reconciliation (7st 11lb), Lyric (7st 9lb), Ellangowan (7st 9lb), Silverstreak (6st 12lb), Lector (6st 9lb), Magdalene (5st 12lb), L'Eclair (5st 10lb), Martivalle (5st 7lb), Chelford (5st 7lb).

ARRIVALS.

Skillygolee, Prefect, Carnifex, Zuleika, Pride of the Highlands, Reconciliation, Sombrero, Strathvaitch, Devotion, Schoolboy, Lanjaron, Zeltinger, Lucretia colt. Others expected.

ORDER OF RUNNING.

Trial Stakes...	2.0 p.m.
Visitors' Plate	2.30
Weeds Plate...	3.0
Bushes Handicap	3.30
Post Sweepstakes	4.0
Double Trial	4.30
Biennial	5.0

LICHFIELD MEETING.

THIS DAY.

(By Telegraph)

ORDER OF RUNNING.

Hurdle Handicap	2.0 p.m.
Open Hunters	2.30
Selling Hurdle	3.0
Gopsal Hunters	3.30
Beaudesert Cup	4.10
Burton Hunters	4.50
Maiden Hunters	5.20

NOTES.

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AFTER a storm we are told comes a calm. This seems to be pretty much the position in which I am placed with reference to my allotted instalment of notes this week. Last week I knew not to which hand to turn; this week I am sent brick-making with very little straw indeed. These elections must, I suppose, be held responsible for this dearth of sporting material, and when they are fairly over no one will be more pleased than shall I. At present my reflections in connection with them are by no means favourable. I supported the good old "Blues," and am now suffering the penalty in purse and stomach nearly alike empty. There is always some consolation, however, in losing one's money in a good cause, and with that small modicum of comfort I must, I presume, rest satisfied.

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COOK, the billiard player, is, I fancy, an adherent to the Conservative cause. He has opinions, and, like Beaconsfield and Co., he has the courage of them. Like the great Constitutional Party also, he seems to be in a bad way, and his efforts to retrieve himself will, like theirs, only tend in making matters worse. It is my opinion that Cook is unable to concede 200 points to Mitchell. He has tried once and failed. He professes anxiety to try again, and if a match is ratified he will again come off second best. The two were expected to have been matched during the past week, but the elder player being in Ireland necessitated the postponement of negotiations. When he did not turn up at the trysting-place on Wednesday, Cook, it was thought, had wisely considered prudence to be the better part of valour, and did not intend to go on with the match. But not so. He will make the match on his return, and as an earnest of his intentions has sent a cheque for £25 to the proposed stakeholder. Early in May, therefore, the billiard world may look for another treat, and Mitchell for a substantial addition to his banking account.

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SPEAKING dispassionately, I cannot see what hopes of success the Champion can have. He had most undoubtedly wretched luck at their recent meeting, and at several stages of the game it was any odds on his coming off victorious. But he is evidently thinking too much of his own play, and not devoting sufficient attention to that of his opponent. Mitchell was far from well, and played a long way under his game. At their next encounter he has the chance of being in better physical health, and is certain to play with more confidence now that he has undergone, and undergone successfully, the ordeal of his first match for a money stake. Cook, I happen to know, has been advised against his present course of action, but it is a difficult thing to persuade a man against his will. Vanity has also a great deal to do with the matter. However, he *may* win, although not many will expect him to do so. There is a glorious uncertainty about billiards, especially when such experts as Cook and Mitchell are handling the cue, and the former *may* on this occasion receive Fortune's favours, and the latter her frowns. Only, under such circumstances, can any reasonable person look for Cook's success?

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BEING in a warlike mood, I wended my way on Thursday evening to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, to see the prize competition of the West of London Boxing Club. Unlike the great Macdermott, I *did* want to fight, and wished to get a hint or two as to how the thing should be done. The hall was nicely decorated, and the attendance, if not so numerous as anticipated, was enthusiastic enough to satisfy the most vainglorious bruiser. I can recollect when the West London Boxing Club was instituted; its originators were thought to be making a mistake, for boxing was not as popular then as now. The history of the club shows that no mistake has been made, and enjoyable meetings like that of Thursday night will do much to popularise the use of nature's weapons, more I hope as a means of defence than offence. Ten or fifteen years ago I used to don the mittens myself, and have sufficient knowledge of the manly art to be able to make a few remarks as to how things struck me on this particular evening. I shall begin with fault-finding. This new-fangled idea of half-a-dozen judges is not the thing at all. We have it on the authority of the wisest man that the world has produced that in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom, but there is also a more practical saying about too many cooks spoiling the broth. There were too many cooks on Thursday night, and in at least one instance I have no hesitation in saying that the broth was spoiled. The decision in Bargo and Windett's encounter was undoubtedly wrong, and many more besides myself were puzzled to know how it could have been arrived at. Individually no one could deny that the six judges were each and all competent for duty, and their opinion singly would have been worthy of weight. Collectively, however, they made a muddle of it. It is in the comparing of opinions that the mistakes occur. One judge is perhaps apt to state the conclusions at which he has arrived somewhat dictatorially, and one of his colleagues may be apt to resent this by taking a completely opposite view from that which he

intended, if for no other reason than to show that he has a mind of his own, and won't be dictated to by anyone. This may seem absurd and childish, but I am nevertheless certain that it has been done, and will continue to be done. Rivalry, nay, jealousy, is a powerful factor in the human composition, and jealousy is never more apt to be exhibited than amongst experts in any speciality. Single-handed judging may not be as perfect as it ought or might be, still it is long way preferable to this six-barrelled business which is trying to be introduced. The very idea in judging is associated with *one*, and not with *many*, and I must say that I do not know any judge acquainted with his work who would have *singly* decided for Windett against Barge.

***

One thing I am pleased to notice in connection with these boxing competitions, and that is that *hitting* is gradually taking the place of *patting*. I like to see steam put into blows, whether given with gloves or without them. In the old *régime* I have seen accomplished sparrers, when occasion required, not able to strike a blow that would have disabled an infant. They had been in the habit, when practising with the gloves, to merely flap about their opponent's face, and never dreamt of putting *pith* into their stroke. Now it may be that the tendency is too much the opposite way, and that science is becoming subservient to strength. This will never be the case, and any excess of muscular force which may be abroad at present will right itself in due course. What is the use of being able to plant blows where and when you like if they are totally ineffectual when they reach their mark?

***

The Amateur Athletic Association has advanced one more step, and the millennium is therefore closer at hand. The youthful dictators of Oxford and Cambridge have summoned a meeting at the former place for 24th April, and no doubt after that ever-to-be-remembered day the Amateur Athletic world will be at rest, and Messrs. Chambers and Waddell will have ceased from troubling. All grievances will be remedied, and all differences will be healed. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of those enthusiasts with whom I have been talking during the past week. But not quite so fast, young sirs. I have often seen least accomplished when most was expected, and *vice versâ*. I don't like the flourish of trumpets with which the reformers are ushering in their work. They had better wait till the victory is won before celebrating the triumph. The circulars sent out calling this meeting are more temperately worded than were those first issued. That is a curious clause in it which says that clubs with a membership of over 300, who may not have been invited, have a right to send representatives to this wonderful conference. Bosh! How many such clubs are there in existence?

***

I notice that Willie Beckwith, the noted swimmer, is about to visit America. He is a fine exponent of the natatory art, a fact of which he is perfectly cognisant himself, and one which he misses no opportunity of letting the public be aware. I wish him success in his journey. He will teach the Yankees something new in swimming, and will also, if I am not much mistaken, treat them to some choice expressions that will show the wonderful powers of which the English language is capable. In both departments he's a "scorcher."

***

This eternal—I was about to say infernal—"hop-bitters" prize is fast becoming a bugbear to me, as was the head of King Charles to poor old Dick. It *will* crop up on all and every occasion. The company are again before the world with an amended offer, the details of which need not be given, as they will probably be alterde when the next mail reaches us. This speculation must have succeeded beyond their utmost expectations. They wanted cheap advertising, and they are getting it with a vengeance. Our rowing morality in the old country is none too pure, but I am afraid it appears almost spotless when compared with the American. Next week I shall have a good deal to say on this subject.

LATEST BETTING.

LONDON, MONDAY.

There was a strong muster at the principal City Clubs to-day, but only a limited amount of business was transacted, the favourites holding their ground very firmly for the City and Suburban; whilst several outsiders were supported. The most important affair being the money laid out on Leoville, who was backed for good money down to 20 to 1. Lucetta was in very good demand, and anything over 10 to 1 was eagerly taken. But little was done on the Two Thousand; although, for the Derby, Bend Or was laid against to some extent, anything over 7 to 2 being freely accepted; whilst Robert the Devil was very firm at 7 to 1 taken, and Chirper was in good demand at 33 to 1. Prices are appended:—

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

6 to 1 Westbourne (taken).
8 — 1 Master Kildare (taken and offered).
10 — 1 Lucetta (offered; 11 to 1 t. and w.).
11 — 1 Parole (taken and offered).
20 — 1 Duchess colt (offered).
20 — 1 Visconti (taken and offered).
20 — 1 Leoville (taken and offered).
25 — 1 Kineton (taken and offered).
33 — 1 Marc Antony (taken and offered).
33 — 1 Blue Blood (taken and offered).
33 — 1 My Delight (taken and offered).
33 — 1 Toastmaster (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Fashion (offered).
50 — 1 Coromandel II. (taken and offered).
100 — 1 Midlothian (taken and wanted).

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

3 to 1 Mask (offered).
5 — 1 Brotherhood (offered).
13 — 1 Beauminet (taken and offered).
100 — 8 Fire King (taken).
100 — 8 Muncaster (taken).
100 — 6 Abbot (taken).

DERBY.

375 to 100 Bend Or (taken).
6 — 1 Beaudesert (taken and offered).
7 — 1 Robert the Devil (taken).
20 — 1 Draycott (taken and offered).
33 — 1 Chirper (taken freely).
40 — 1 Muncaster (taken and offered).
40 — 1 Miss Marionette (taken).
50 — 1 Merry-go-Round (taken).
50 — 1 Marc Antony (taken and offered).

TATTERSALL'S BETTING.

The wagering at Tattersall's to-day was not of an extensive character, the chief feature being the support accorded to My Delight for the City and Suburban. Parole was in good demand at 100 to 9, but the only other transactions were in connection with Coromandel II., Cylinder, and Vegetarian, who were backed for small amounts at the prices quoted. For the Two Thousand Beauminet was in good demand at 6 to 1, owing to his recent victory in France, and 100 to 7 was accepted about the Duchess colt.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

100 to 9 Parole (taken and offered).
25 — 1 My Delight (taken).
40 — 1 Coromandel II. (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Cylinder (taken and offered).
50 — 1 Vegetarian (taken).

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

6 to 1 Beauminet (taken).
100 — 7 Duchess colt (taken).

ROUND THE CIRCLE.

A young man has written to me saying that he finds the hebdomadal "injunction to Round the Circle" much easier of fulfulment than squaring the circle. My correspondent will probaby find it necessary to "square" the police if he perpetrates such a joke as this again.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

I am also of opinion that any attempt to make a circle round is equally a work of supererogation. That young mathematician will be certain to get the wooden spoon lowered down to him from aloft if he ever goes in for honours at Cambridge.

***

Mr. Huxley, or, as he is often called, Professor Huxley, has just delivered a lecture on dogs at the Royal Institution. I was somewhat disappointed to find that he fell into a grave error at the outset of his discourse. He began by saying that "there was no animal in which man took so profound an interest as the dog." Now a very little reflection would have shown the Professor that this is a fallacy. The animal which excites the deepest interest in every manly bosom is woman.

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Professor Huxley would be one of the first to admit that man is an animal. By parity of reasoning he must be as ready to confess that a woman is one also.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

***

The lecturer then went on to say that there was no one, in all probability, among those present who had not repeatedly employed such terms as "head, eyes, nose, ears, neck, trunk, chest, limbs, skull, backbone, or leg-bone," in connection with one or other of their canine friends, and therein was a proof that those who so described such parts of the animal "had unconsciously become aware of a fundamental similarity between the physical and mental organisation of the dog, and the physical and mental organisation of man."

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Now, I should like to ask Mr. Huxley whether the use of such terms in connection with the cow or the pig is any proof that man has become aware of a fundamental similarity, mental as well as physical, between himself and the animals just named.

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It was further argued by the learned lecturer that in the internal construction the only difference between man and dog was one of size and proportion. Even granting that this is so, what does it prove? The interior of the pig is well known to be more like that of man than any other animal's. But every man isn't therefore a pig or the descendant of one.

***

Then, coming to the psychological aspect of the question, the Professor became rather more candid than polite. He believed that the dog had a mind, but he hastened to add that he had no more reason for holding this opinion than he had for assuming that those who were then listening to him had minds.

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"There was no direct evidence of the fact any more in the one case than in the other." As no one present ventured to contradict the Professor he certainly seems to have had some grounds for this statement.

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In short, Mr. Huxley alleges that there is no "fundamental faculty connected with the reasoning powers" that may not be demonstrated to exist in dogs, and that we are all their cousins fifty times removed. One can hardly get at the precise meaning of a phrase so vague as a fundamental faculty connected with reasoning; but I should like to have Mr. Huxley's opinion as to how many more centuries are likely to elapse ere dogs will develop into animals capable of understanding something about the Integral Calculus and of doing a little at Conic Sections. No wonder so many people go to the dogs if he is right in believing that we all came from them.

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It is consolatory to observe, however, that throughout this lecture Mr. Huxley showed himself to be in as great a muddle about the habits of dogs as he is in about the origin of species.

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By the way, what an authority Mr. Gladstone would be on the Origin of *Speeches*.

***

Newcastle-under-Lyme has fallen into bad odour with Mr. John Bright. He declares, in a letter to one of the electors, that he must "purge his borough." When one remembers how long Newcastle has been under Lyme such a recommendation appears superfluous.

***

Election canvassing, that refuge for the destitute, has produced a considerable amount of drunkenness and disorderly conduct during the past week. Can it be that the Licensed Victuallers, in revenge for their disappointment, have been supplying the Liberal canvassers with bad liquor? Such, at any rate, was the explanation given by one of two men brought before a City magistrate on a charge of disorderly conduct a few days since.

***

The dramatic profession knows how to be liberal whether in the cause of charity or in substantial recognition of services rendered to them. The other afternoon a service of plate which cost 700 guineas was presented by Mr. Irving, in the name of the subscribers, to Mr. Ledger, of the *Era* newspaper, as some compensation for the expenses incurred by him in defending himself when tried for libel a few months since. Mr. Ledger, it will be remembered, denounced in a certain issue of his paper a scandalous ball in terms which, I was glad to see, the jury considered justifiable.

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The recent accident in the hunting-field near Crewkerne is said to have been occasioned by the carelessness of one of the riders in taking his fence. This is another proof of how careful men should be in taking *offence*, particularly where none is intended—by the horse.

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In a case which still occupies the attention of one of the stipendiary magistrates, it is alleged that the remains of 30,000, bodies which were buried on the north side of a chapel in Tottenham Court Road between the years 1756 and 1853, have been carted away, and that the sacred dust has been sold to nurserymen, who have used it in large quantities for potting plants and other gardening purposes. "To what base uses we may return." Here is a case which might well encourage the imagination to "trace the noble dust of Alexander," if he had been interred in Whitefield's old chapel, till it is found "stopping a bung-hole."

***

By the bye, these moralisings of Hamlet remind me that I was told the other day by the solicitor concerned in the case, that a noted tragedian will ere long figure in the Divorce Court at the suit of his wife, from whom he has lived apart for some time past.

***

It seems a journalist must not say that the matron of a workhouse is "petted and spoilt," and that "the servants governed the masters." At any rate, Mr. T. J. Mansfield, the editor of a local paper, has been committed for trial for doing so, as the matron declared that such language brought her into contempt. It is quite true that the law of libel doesn't allow you to hold up anyone to public ridicule; but if every publicist who does so were made to stand his trial for it, I am much inclined to think that half the newspapers in London would suddenly cease to appear for lack of contributors, and that the other half would have to be issued in curtailed form, owing to the exorbitant charges of the writers.

***

The possibility of such a happy state of things has so elated me that I have paused in my labours to despatch a messenger to 12, Southampton Street, Strand, with a civil request that Mr. Henry Milner will be obliging enough to send me a dozen boxes of his genuine Partagas, with six boxes of the best small cigars that he can recommend, and charge the same to my account. It is just possible, however, that he may await my cheque, as, upon further consideration, I don't think that I have yet formally opened an account with him.

***

It is a remarkable fact that all the letters of Thomas Castro, *alias* Arthur Orton, some time butcher at Wapping, and subsequently at Wagga-Wagga, are given to the public only after they have been passed through the hands of Mr. Guildford Onslow, who, I have no doubt, subjects them to careful revision ere they are put into print. The gifted "adaptor" of the idea embodied in the following elegant English:—"Some men has plenty money and no brains, them as has plenty money and no brains is made for them as has plenty brains and no money"—the "Baronett of B. K.," as he once described himself, has added one more letter to those, the originals of which remain in the possession of Mr. Onslow.

***

According to the tenour of this touching effusion, the ex-Claimant has been much grieved at finding himself again "defranchised" during the progress of a General Election. The Liberals will feel it an honour, indeed, when they learn that the convict at Dartmoor sincerely hopes that they will get in. He probably really means into Dartmoor Prison; for he has abused, always through the medium of Mr. Onslow, the Liberals rather more than he has similarly complimented the Conservatives.

***

Within a month Lord Lyiton will no doubt receive his recall from India. He has served faithfully and well in arduous times, and it is therefore to be regretted that the political situation now destroys all possibility of his remaining at the scene of his recent severe labours to enjoy a relaxation of those efforts which have been of so much value to his country, and to gather at least some of those fruits which are sure to be the outcome of his able administration. But this cannot be, for Fate has willed otherwise. To quote the opening stanza of one of his own charming poems:—

Fortune, that walks above the heads of men
I' the rolling clouds, the witless denizen
Of airy Nothing, by Necessity
Among the unsteady Hours, with hooded eye,
Subservient to a will not hers is led;
And, as she pauses, oft upon his head
That underneath heaven's hollowness doth stand
Highest of men, her loose uncertain hand
Lets fall the iron wedge and leaden weight.

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I am told though, by one who ought to know, that the Viceroy's services will receive some recognition from the present Government by the addition of an earldom to the barony which he inherited from the famous novelist, his father.

***

The cavalry of France, as represented by the Fourth Regiment of Mounted Rifles, has been distinguishing itself lately. On the exercising ground of the Prado, at Marseilles, two squadrons were "galloping with drawn swords," as a French paper describes it, and approaching each other obliquely without being at all conscious of the fact, owing, says the same authority, to a clump of trees which shut out the view of both of the squadrons. The result, regarded as a proof of the impetus they had obtained, was highly satisfactory. Twelve men were hurled from the saddle, and two of these were killed by the collision which took place. During the last Franco-German war it was often remarked among military men that the French officers showed singular ignorance of the geography of their own country, while on the other hand their adversaries, though on foreign soil, knew the country and its formation, even to a hillock. But what are we to say to officers who cannot manœuvre on their own exercise ground without letting their men ride over each other?

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Maitre Lachaud, the counsel employed by Marie Bière at her recent trial for attempted murder, produced some letters testifying to her musical ability as well as to her cleverness in drawing, and urged that such gifts as these should weigh with an intelligent jury in judging of the act which it was confessed that she had committed. The jury at the close of the harangue acquitted the homicidal Marie. Henceforth let Frenchmen beware how they enter into *une liaison* with a young woman who plays the piano nicely and can draw tolerably well. All these persons of artistic genius are not certain to take as bad an aim with a revolver as La Bière did when she tried to kill her paramour, and the law in France, it would seem, is not very likely to afford the victim of such an attack any redress.

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Immediately after the result of the Middlesex election became known the youthful Mr. Herbert Gladstone mounted upon a chair in Red Lion Square, and with his eyes fixed upon the centre of the enclosed ground there, where the bones of Oliver Cromwell are believed to have found a final resting place, he said among one or two other things, "Though we have been defeated, we have not been dishonoured." He then, I find, went off to Hawarden, his father's castle, and there declared to the crowd outside that, though he had been defeated in his recent contest for Middlesex, he was "not disgraced." Mr. Herbert Gladstone is too sensitive. Surely a man may appear as a Liberal candidate without either disgrace or dishonour. However, this is a point upon which Mr. Herbert Gladstone is no doubt the better judge.

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His father, too, on this occasion, addressed the virtuous villagers and others who had assembled to do honour to the Liberal Chief's return from the "land o' cakes." Said "The People's William," speaking of the Allsopp family, "I find they have been made the subject of *a very clever epigram*. One of them is an opponent of my eldest son in East Worcestershire, which gives me a particular interest in these verses:—"'There were three jolly Allsopps, who sallied forth to woo,
One came to grief at Droitwitch, then there were but two.
Two jolly Allsopps still for Parliament did run,
East Stafford declined Charley, then there was one.
But one jolly Allsopp would then keep up the fun;
When East Worcester's settled *him*, then there'll be none.'"

I can make allowance for a father's feelings, and for, what in this instance is still stronger, party feeling. But I cannot help saying that the right hon. gentleman rather over-estimates the value of the "epigram" he read to his hearers. At any rate, he would be better able to appreciate its *originality* if he had before him, as I have at this moment, a book called "Little Sunbeam," published by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, John E. Millais, R.A., and others. At page 244 I find the following:—

"Three little nigger boys walking in the Zoo
The big bear hugged one, and then there were two.
Two little nigger boys sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was one.
One little nigger boy having no more fun,
Went and got married, and then there were none."

***

The other day a man got an immense quantity of rope given to him on presenting a forged order for the delivery thereof. "Give some men rope enough, and they will hang themselves," says the proverb; but this man has only been sentenced to hard labour for a term of years.

***

Mr. Lewis Clifton, who has been engaged for some time past upon a dramatic version of M. Delpit's novel, entitled "Le Fils de Coralie," has written to a morning paper to say as follows:—"In justice to my collaborator and myself kindly let us state that we should no more think of using Monsieur Delpit's novel gratuitously than would Mr. Tom Taylor or Messrs. Hare and Kendal ithe work of Monsieur Bernard, upon which 'Still Waters Run Deep' is founded."

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It seems to me that Mr. Lewis Clifton is a wag, for he must know, quite as well as I do, that neither Messrs. Hare and Kendal nor the adaptor of "Sti l Waters Run Deep" pay anything to the author of the original work for the use they are now making of his brains in the nightly performance now going at St. James's Theatre.

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But that is no reason why Mr. Clifton and his friend should lay violent hands on the work of M. Delpit, who is himself dramatising his own story. Two blacks don't make a white.

***

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* this month Dr. Richardson has a paper, entitled "Dress in Relation to Health." After discoursing on the delicate subjects of garters and corsets, the doctor says:—"Let your girls dress just like your boys, make no difference whatever in respect to them." Much obliged for the advice, doctor; but I shall take particular care not to follow it.

***

Some time ago Dr. Richardson informed his audience that he had condensed what he had to say with considerable labour and difficulty. This reminds me of an anecdote told of Dr. Johnson. The author of "Rasselas" called upon a lady whose daughter was a proficient on the piano. Forthwith the fond mother requested her daughter to give a specimen of her skill. The young lady played a long and intricate piece, in which a good deal of musical gymnastics was exhibited; but the doctor listened in gloomy silence. Observing the dejected appearance of her visitor, the elder lady at length said, glancing towards the piano,

"It is very difficult, I can assure you, Dr. Johnson."

"Madam," he replied, with severity of tone, "I wish it were altogether impossible."

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The world would not lose much if Dr. Richardson found the difficulty of dealing with his subjects for discussion amount to impossibility.

THE CHARITABLE GRINDER.

TALKING.

Talking this morning about the electric light, and its latest application to the forcing of budding seeds and young plants (which it will force into maturity in a few hours), of luminous paint, Chappuis's reflectors, dining by telegraph, and the rumoured discovery of a wonderful new source of light yet to be made public, reminded me of a prospective newspaper, extracts from which appeared in the old *New Monthly* for 1821.

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This imaginary journal was the *North American Luminary*, published on July 1st, in the year four thousand seven hundred and ninety-six. It contained, amongst a large number of exceedingly wonderful and curious things, an account of two famous travellers newly-returned to America after exploring the countries of ancient Europe. Crossing the Atlantic in seven days, they reached that "once glorious and now almost forgotten island," England, and sailing up the Thames to a spot which—although no vestige of human habitation remained—they agreed in regarding as the site of the anciently famous city, London, they found the mutilated remains of a granite arch, probably the last relic of a bridge which was called Waterloo, a name of obscure origin, "now" generally believed to be a corruption of the terms water low or low water, the water at this particular spot being somewhat shallower than it is in others. The native tribes evincing signs of hostility, "our travellers" were compelled to abandon further exploration, but intend going back next year and taking with them "a body of five-and-twenty of the United States troops, which will effectually repel any force the savage inhabitants can bring against them."

***

In France the travellers find the native tribes as barbarous and ignorant as the Britons, but more cheerful, inoffensive, and communicative. They are fond of music and dancing, their favourite musical instrument being a species of "a hollow body about two feet long, with a solid handle of about the same length, and curved at the extremity," called in the remote sixteenth and nineteenth centuries a fiddle or violin. This instrument, to the music of which "these poor creatures are so fond of jumping and dancing," had, it appears, "four strings extending from the extremity of the handle beyond the middle of the instrument itself," and, "being held between the chin and the collar-bone by the left hand was played on by the right with a bent stick curved at the two ends, being drawn together with horse-hair." These statements and conjectural remarks upon its cognomen or monosyllabic prefixture created considerable controversy, some eminent antiquarians contending that the ancient European fiddle, viola, violin, or violoncello, was not a stringed but a wind instrument, others asserting that it was an instrument of parchment and bells played upon by the knuckles.—"*Vide* Reports of the Antiquarian Society of New York, folio, vol. 1783. p. 860."

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It was not, however, these extracts that our talking reminded me of, but the following:—

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"A chemist deeply read in the sciences of the middle ages (the 18th and 19th centuries of the Christian era) assures us that the English men of

science, about the year 1800, plumed themselves much upon their discovering the means of making brilliant lights by reflectors, and the different gases of oil and coal burnt in various descriptions of lamps. How these pigmies would have hid their diminished heads could they have foreseen our present perfection in lighting the atmosphere by exciting attraction and motion among the constituent particles of light and heat. The zeromester of New York, at a trifling expense, produces a light in the atmosphere equal to the brightest moonshine, so that darkness is quite unknown to the moderns." This taken with recent announcements is amusingly curious.

***

But looking forward under pretence of looking backward is no new thing, for I can recall in several of the good old magazines, to which I am fond of devoting some of my spare half-hours, many extracts from prospective newspapers which, read by the light of modern history and discovery, seem quite prophetic. Steam, electricity, and many similar discoveries appear to be clearly foretold in these random guesses at the future.

***

The election reports more than confirm the gloomy view taken of such matters in last week's "Talking." Bribery has abounded—that vile old instrument of torture, "the screw," has been ruthlessly turned on, and other "schemes of oppression and shame" put into force to lead or drive the voters in the way of this or that partisan candidate.

***

However, the comfort is to be found in this—viz., that votes are no longer commonly and openly bought and sold. At Hull and Beverley, in 1832, the regular price was four guineas for a single and two for a split vote. At Hedon, on the Humber votes were more costly. They cost twenty guineas each. When the Reform Bill was heard of at Stafford some of the electors rejoiced greatly. They said it was high time some better plan should be made for the payment of poor voters. When the huge inn at St. Albans, on the great north road, was closed with the posting and coaching which gave the town its prosperity, the poor people who elected the M.P.'s said, mournfully, "We have nothing to sell now but our votes." During the election at Sudbury cabbages and gooseberries fetched enormous prices; four of the former sold for ten pounds, and a plateful of the latter was bought for twenty-five pounds. The sellers were, of course, voters.

***

Thus in the good old times did we manage the great national business we are now about. We have purified the mechanism and improved the productions, but the men are the same. And many who now go into the House to "sit still and look wise," as Butler says, voting "Aye" or "No," as their party commands, as well as many who send them there, are, as men or patriots, neither better nor worse, more foolish or more wise, than their forefathers were. Only we mustn't say I said so.

***

To close this week's batch of Talking, here is a genuine relic of the contested election for Meath in 1826, in the shape of an election bill sent to Sir Mark Summerville by an innkeeper in Trim. It still hangs in a frame on the walls of a parlour in Sir Mark's old house.

16 April, 1826.

My Bill,

To eating 16 freeholders above stairs, for Sir Marks, at 3s. 6d. a head, is to me £2 12s. 0d. To eating 16 more below stairs, and two priests after supper, is to me £2 15s. 9d. To 6 beds in one room and four in another, at a guinea every bed, and not more than four in any bed at a time, cheap enough, "God" knows, is to me £22 15s. 0d. To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night, at 13s. every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of watching them all night, is to me £5 5s. For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them, and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess, is to me £4 12s. To raw whiskey and punch, without talking of pipes, tobacco, as well as for porter, and as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delft, for the first day and night I am not sure, but for the three days and a half of the election, as little as I can call it, and not to be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at least £79 15s. 9d. For shaving and cropping off the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks, at 13d. for every head of them, by my brother has a vote, is to me £2 13s. 1d. For womit and nurse for poor Tom Kernan, in the middle of the night, when he was not expected to live, is to me ten hogs. I don't talk of the piper, or for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me £40 10s.

the total.				
2 ...	12	0	0	Signed
2 ...	15	0	0	
22 ...	15	0	0	in the place of Jimmy Cars
5 ...	5	0	0	
4 ...	12	0	0	Wife
79 ...	15	0	9	his
2 ...	13	0	1	Bryan X Garraty.
10 ...	10			mark,
	0	0		

100 10 7 you may say £111 0s. 0d. so your honour Sir Mark, send this eleven hundred by Bryan himself who and I prays for your success always in Trim and no more at present.

***

The Germans are not, it appears, popular amongst the beggars in Italy. Francis A. Durivage being at Sorrento some little time since, while taking breakfast in the sunshine on the terrace of his hotel, was annoyed by a crowd of clamorous, dirty mendicants and pedlars. He strove to drive them away, swore at and abused them roundly in English, and borrowing a few Italian phrases of the strongest, hottest, and most emphatic nature from a companion's English and Italian dictionary, roared them out most malignantly. In vain. At last one came forward who said to the beggars, "*Il Signor e Tedesco*" (the gentleman is a German). Instantly their pleading changed to scowling glances of rage and disappointment, their outstretched dirty paws were suddenly withdrawn, and they fled, utterly discomfited.

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The recently-announced death of Hippolyte Souverain at Nice sends one's memory back to the time when he was one of that group of mighty wielders of the pen and treaders of the French boards of whom now so few remain. What strange chances and changes and memorable events were witnessed in the course of Hippolyte Souverain's career! He brought out the works of Honoré de Balzac, Frederic Soulie, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand (Madame Dudevant), Delphine Gay, and many other great leaders in the romantic school. He was present, I am told, when Balzac's "Vautrin" was first played, on March 14, 1840. The actors quarrelled about their parts; the house was "badly arranged." The author's enemies were more numerous than his friends. The classic party were still very strong, and the play offended the Government. It was suppressed, and roundly abused by the Press. Madame de Girardin (Vicomte de Launay) published the following amusing sketch:—

***

The subject of every conversation this week is the drama of M. de Balzac.

"Well! what do you say of it?"

One replies, "It is abominable!" Another, "It is detestable!" A third, "It is execrable!" A fourth, "It is deplorable!" A fifth, "It is pitiable!" A sixth, "It is saddening!" A seventh, "It is disgusting!" An eighth, "It is revolting!"

"Have you seen it?"

"No."

"And you, Madame?"

"No, I was not able to get a box."

"And you, my little dear?"

"I! Oh, no! On that night I was at the Opera."

"How do you know that it was so frightful, if you did not see this play?"

Then one of the fair critics replies for all:—

"I read that it was so in my newspaper."

"*Ah! voilà le grand mot!* The newspapers have spoken ill of it. And you take their word for it? They have never lashed *you*. You cannot suppose that a man who has written a book against journalists is attacked in the journals—it did not strike you, simple subscribers, that journalists make journals. Come, make an effort of intelligence; bring these two ideas together."

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The employés of the Strand Theatre have marked their appreciation of courteous and kindly Mr. Edward Swanborough's rule by presenting him with a handsome timepiece.

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"Cupid; or, Two Strings to a Beau," is the title of a new burlesque in process of rehersal at the Royalty.

COLLOQUIA.

THE THEATRES.

—:o:—

The manager of the Globe Theatre has been singularly successful in his selection of another work to follow the famous "Cloches de Corneville," which enjoyed a run of no less than seven hundred and four consecutive nights at this house, and must have brought a handsome fortune to Mr. Alexander Henderson.

***

The new comic opera, the production of which was briefly announced in these columns last week, is entitled "The Naval Cadets," and it certainly gives every promise of rivalling its immediate predecessor in popularity. If the music is not strikingly original, it is at least melodious and pleasing, and assuredly loses nothing instrumentally by the manner in which it is rendered by an admirably-trained band under the control of Mr. Edward Solomons' *bâton*.

***

One of the chief causes which for many years prevented opera of this class from taking any firm root in England, was the difficulty of getting an intelligible and interesting story on which to found the libretto. "The Naval Cadets" is confessedly an adaptation from the French; but the brightness and humour of the dialogue are obviously, to a great extent, the produce of the adaptor's own mind.

***

Of the manner in which this pretty little opera has been placed upon the stage it would be difficult to speak in terms too complimentary. The dresses are not only new and sumptuous, but exquisitely tasteful and really charming in their beauty and variety.

***

Miss Violet Cameron plays the young Queen of Portugal, Inez, with remarkable grace and dignity, and her singing of the various airs allotted to her is received with every manifestation of approval.

***

No character in which Madame Selina Dolaro has yet appeared seems more peculiarly suited to her special ability as an actress in comic opera than that of Cerisette, the "singing soubrette," as she is supposed to be in the story, at one of the Paris theatres. The scene in which, to avoid discovery by the Queen, she takes refuge in one of Don Florio's rooms is played with something of the true spirit of comedy, and her subsequent appearance, when the seeming faithlessness of Don Florio to the Queen is imminent, in that scanty but picturesque costume which one must take for granted was once the regulation dress of a Portuguese naval cadet, is hailed with the warmest applause by the audience. Indeed, her acting and singing throughout the whole piece leave nothing to be desired, and show that this artist aims at reaching the foremost rank in her profession.

"LOVE IS BLIND."

Dolly (to her Cob): Was he her own darling pet sweetheart? Then let her kiss him for it.

The Major (who hears, but does not see): D——n the brute! just let me get hold of him—whoever he is!

The performance, too, of Dolores, the wife of the jealous Don Prolixio, by Miss St. Quintin, merits favourable notice, and contributes much to the undoubted success which the production of "The Naval Cadets" has achieved.

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But the central figure in the piece is unquestionably that of Don Prolixio himself, enacted with rare *vis comica* by that admirable actor, Mr. Harry Paulton.

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His delivery of numerous quotations from a pocket volume on etiquette, about the size of Kelly's Post-Office Directory, is a source of constant merriment to those present. "When you want to get rid of anybody, go away yourself," is certainly a golden rule; but it might be found somewhat inconvenient to act upon in case one were up in a balloon with a disagreeable companion.

***

Don Prolixio's happiest axiom, and one which is received with roars of laughter, is, "When you are greatly in want of advice yourself, give it freely to others." This injunction, however, is hardly needed in real life, for my own experience is that everybody is only too eager to follow it.

***

The lecture to the naval cadets also is irresistibly funny, and its drollery is greatly enhanced by the dry humour with which it is delivered by Mr. Paulton, who is afflicted, I may remark, by a wife supposed, but erroneously, to meditate "getting a family on co-operative principles," an expression for which, be it well understood, the adaptor of the piece is responsible and not the present writer.

***

"Let us look seriously into this," says Don Prolixio as he raises a cup of wine to his lips. I shall not, however, follow this advice, but content myself with pronouncing "The Naval Cadets" one of the most amusing comic operas I have ever seen.

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Before concluding, I must also allude to the capital acting of Mr. Denbigh Newton, who, though he does not come on the stage till towards the close of the second act, has a sensible influence on the fortunes of the piece. His singing of "Prolixio, silly old crow," earned for him on the night of my visit an enthusiastic encore, which was thoroughly merited.

The reproduction of "La Fille de Madame Angot" on a stage of such dimensions as that of Drury Lane has afforded the management ample opportunity for spectacular effect, and it must at once be admitted that Mr. Augustus Harris has availed himself of a with a liberality which has secured for the opera a new lease of life. But beyond alluding to the admirable personation of Mdlle. Cornelie D'Anka, I defer any notice of the performance, owing to the exigencies of space.

***

"The Shaughraun," a drama of Irish peasant life, which was produced at Drury Lane Theatre a few years ago, when that house was under the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, is to be revived at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday, the 24th inst., when Mr. Dion Boucicault, the author, will again assume his original character of Con. The piece is to be placed upon the stage with new scenery by Mr. Julian Hicks.

COLD STEEL.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

—o—

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

Over one hundred letters came too late. The Rule must be adhered to.

The results are as follows:—

The first prize goes to two individuals, viz., Robert the Devil, Liverpool; and W. R. S., Victoria Street, London.

The second prize must be divided amongst three individuals, as follows:—Beaudesert, Richmond; A. N. R., Gray's Inn Road, London; and Puck, Nottingham.

Post-office orders will be forwarded.

WEEKLY PRIZES.

Conditions.

The Proprietors of Sport offer every week to those who select the greatest number of winners—

£5

in prizes, divided into two portions:

£3, 1st Prize,

and

£2, 2nd Prize.

The next competition will be in connection with

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

(Commencing 21st April).

To the gentleman who selects most winners at this Meeting £3 will be given, and the second best will receive £2. Ties to be divided. Selections must be made for all the races closed—taking one horse for each event—on the accompanying form, and sent to the

Editor,
"Sport,"
325, *Strand,*
London, W.C.,

not later than by the first post on Tuesday next, 20th current. The real names and addresses of the successful competitors to be sent in confidence to the Editor, but a *nom de plume* may be adopted for publication. The result of the competition will appear in Sport of the following week, and the money will be forwarded every Tuesday.

TO BE CUT OUT AND SENT TO THE EDITOR.

WINNERS AT EPSOM (21st and 22nd April, 1880).

	Race.	Horse.
1.	.....	.....
2.	.....	.....
3.	.....	.....
4.	.....	.....
5.	.....	.....
6.	.....	.....
7.	.....	.....
8.	.....	.....

Name .....

Address .....

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